BATHING SUITS ARE PRETTIER

PARISIAN MODES HAVE CAUGHT THE AMERICAN FANCY.

Still the Practical Is Kept in Sight—The Smartest Bathing Suits Are of Mohair—Lace Used for the Trimming—Accessories of a Dip in the Surf.

The bathing suit as understood by the Parisian woman has taken hold upon American fancy, and has, at last, modified even the English notions of the garment appropriate for a dip in the surf. The American bathing suit, however, while making each year new concessions to the beautiful, still keeps its hold upon the practical, and the suit that will not stand service is seldom seen h re, outside of the comic papers.

There are many ways of harmonizing the attractive and the useful in bathing costumes, and there is no denying that the materials most in demand for such garments to-day are in appearance a vast improvement upon the old-time flannel or serge. In certain particulars they give added comfort, too.

Flannel soaks up the water and becomes disagreeably heavy, in addition to clinging annoyingly. On the other hand, flannel will ward off chill more effectually than mohair or silk, and any one susceptible to cold after leaving the water will find it the part of wisdom to choose a flannel bathing suit.

The smart bathing suit is, unquestionably, one of mohair or silk, and while certain silks have body enough to shed water and keep their shape, mohair, on the whole, is the ideal fabric for the purpose. This season it may be bought in quality far surpassing any heretofore offered, and the best mohair is none too good for the bathing suit. It is soft, flexible, exquisite in finish, and yet it sheds the water and, while hanging gracefully, refuses to cling tightly to the figure.

In ready-made bathing suits, coarser qualities of mohair are generally used, for the average buyer is unwilling to pay a fancy price, and oddly enough, a bathing suit is one of the economies of even fastidious women. Nine out of ten women buy ready-made bathing suits to avoid the bother of having them made to order and will put up with innumerable faults of detail rather than spend time or money upon the problem.

As a matter of act, the ready-made suit is usually more chic and attractive than the home-made suit, because more ingenuity is expended upon the collar and shield trimming, but this need not be the case, and there is more difference than one would imagine between the effect of a well-fitting bathing suit and an ill-fitting one. Moreover, in the made-to-order suit, small points making the garment more becoming to the individual may be considered.

Dark blue or black mohair or silk is the most satisfactory foundation for the suit. White or gay colors are occasionally seen, but, while becoming and attractive when fresh, before the dip, leave much to be desired later on.

Dark blue is generally becoming, clearing a muddy skin as no other color does, and for that reason is preferable to black, in which many women look their worst. Of course a light collar or neck trimming removes much of this objection to the black suit, but dark blue lends itself more readily to the notes of bright color which give character to the costume; and, save for elderly women, who must hold to black and white, the dark blue bathing suit should be first choice.

The blouse and knickers may be permanently joined, while the skirt buttons on, or knickers and skirt may both button to the blouse. The blouse should be full and carefully fitted upon the shoulder. Fine tucks or plaits at the top, with fulness loose from the bust line down, appear upon most of the new models, and a touch of simple elegance is added if the plaits are herring-boned or cat-stitched by hand, in contrasting color.

This fancy stitch may also be applied to the skirt hem and to the belt and collar, and many women consider this unpretentious hand-applied finish preferable to any elaborate trimming of braid. One bathing suit of dark blue mohair has such stitching in light blue and a broad collar of white mohair embroidered in light blue dots. A light blue scarf knots under the collar.

The fagoting so generally used finds a place even upon bathing suits and frequently joins applied hems of contrasting color to skirt, collar and sleeves, and holds together narrow bands of which the shield is made. A fagoting of heavy scarlet wash silk was used upon a successful dark blue suit, to attach deep hems of white, dotted with red, and the shield worn inside the rolling red-dotted collar was made of bands of white united by red fagoting.

Upon the collar or neck finish depends much of the bathing suit's charm, but this finish must be arranged with a thought to what will be becoming to the wearer. The broad sailor collar is generally accepted and has good decorative possibilities, but it should be well shaped and daintily trimmed.

If becoming it may be worn without a shield, or a shield rounded at the top and devoid of collar may be added. To some women a square top shield is more becoming than either the V of the collar or the rounded, collarless shield, and there are women who would cut a much better figure in bathing costume if they would wear a shield with a rather low, close-fitting standing collar. A collarless or V-shaped blouse finish is trying even to a wearer blessed with a pretty throat, and for the scrawny wearer it is an abomination.

The broad collar, while popular, is not essential to the smart bathing suit.

The emphatically décolleté bathing suit is decidedly out of favor, but a slightly low, square cut is well liked this season and is newer than the broad collar. The finish for such a neck is, of course, flat, and may be of bread braid, of narrow braid laid over color or of the wash embroideries which have appeared upon the bathing suits this year.

Bands of embroidery in wash cottons or silks upon linen crash or wash taffeta beautify dark bathing suits, and there are heavy embroideries done directly upon the suit material. The rage for cut-out appliqué also finds an echo in bathing suit province and cut-out designs in wash silk, cotton or linen are applied by hand or stitched on by machine.

Heavy wash lace in linen or wool trims a few of the new bathing suits and silk or linen passementerie is occasionally seen, but braidings, or some simple form of embroidery is decidedly more satisfactory.

Scarf sashes of silk knotted in front give a good note of color, but on the whole are hardly so desirable as a belt fastened firmly to the skirt. That the suit should stay together and be trim and neat, to the extent that trimness and neatness are possible in a bathing suit, is the chief essential.

A bathing corset, while not a necessity, is not really the absurd thing it sounds, for it is nothing more than a heavily stitched girdle of linen or canvas which holds the waist in some shapeliness and makes a belt fit smoothly, without in any way confining the muscles and hampering the freedom of the body. Lightweight washable bust supports that are a part of a thin loose jacket fitting over the shoulders and buttoning in the back will not rob the fat bather of her freedom of motion, yet will make her a much less unsightly spectacle, and ruffles of lawn tacked inside the bathing blouse at the bust line, will make the thin woman look less pitifully slab sided. Why not look as well as possible, even in one's bathing suit?

Among headgear for the bather there is nothing radically new. The silk rubber cap in bright color in its varying forms is the best protection for the hair, and a woman should discover, before her mirror, whether the full mob cap or the tight kerchief is the more becoming, and should choose a color that will not accentutate her complexion's blemishes.

FANCY STEPS IN SOCIETY.

Stage Dancer Who Has a Teaching Engagement for the Summer.

From the Washington Post.

A chorus girl who is about to finish her engagement at the Lafayette made the announcement one morning last week "that she didn't intend taking any rest this summer; that she really couldn't afford o do so," instead, must hurry back to New York where she would "put in some dizzy hours over a class of society girls," who have employed her to teach them fancy dancing for the past two summers.

"You see," explained the little chorus girl, "society women think it a great thing to do 'stunts' in their own drawing rooms, and the society girl who can do a regular Weber & Fields dance to her friends' satisfaction—well, there's nothing more to be said, and you can put it down as a pretty safe thing to go on, that this girl will outdistance and win more applause in five minutes than the wistful-looking maiden who sings only love songs would in as many years. And you better believe the smarter ones know it, too. You should see how they work over a dance, and when they finally succeed in getting it, then comes the reward and fun of springing it upon their unsuspecting but devoted victims as 'something they once saw a little chorus girl do.'

"Well, the sport they get out of the expressions of surprise and delight at their cleverness more than pays for the hours of hard work they have to put in over, perhaps, one graceful, fetching little movement. Of course, they never admit they have studied the dance; that would destroy the charm, they are 'all this—just naturally,' they explain, and no admirer is cruel enough to suggest anything to the contrary, though he may entertain his own ideas about it.

"But for my part," concluded the chorus girl, "I like the experience of teaching them, and were it not for the fact that I want the stage experience, for I hope to move up a round or two very soon, I'd go out of the business and devote all my time to this sort of thing, as it pays, and I find that the young ladies are always jolly and apt scholars, too. It's a great scheme, and all I wonder at is that there are not more of us at it."

TABLE LINEN FROM THE EAST.

FALL FASHIONS UNLIKE ANYTHING SEEN HERE BEFORE.

Exquisite Embroideries From China, Japan and Persia—Rich Decorations of Lace and Drawn Work—Old Italian Bedquilts Drawn on for Patterns.

Because of the demand here for fine linen, embroidered and wrought in needlework designs, the Orientals have taken to importing linen from other countries and working into its beautiful mesh such patterns of embroidery and lace as the Western world would never take the time nor have the patience to manufacture.

It is the rich weaves of the flax and the soft grass cloth of China, worked with infinite patience by women of Japan, Persia, Armenia and India, that will adorn the tables of the wealthy during the coming fall and winter. Fashions in table linen from now on will be radically different from anything which has been in vogue, except that drawn work will lose none of its prestige and Duchesse lace will continue a favorite in smart dining rooms.

When have New Yorkers ever sat down to dine upon a forest of the miniature dwarf pines of Japan, such as are cunningly wrought with the needle in raised embroidery upon table cloths of the most delicate linen? Yet sets of linen so decorated will be among the smartest novelties for the coming season, and the labor involved in the making of them will prevent their ever becoming common, even if the prices were not prohibitive of such a result.

The newest styles of table linen are all Oriental in workmanship, if not in character, and are separated into three general styles: Chinese, Japanese and Persian. The styles, and even the colors, are totally different, while the patterns selected by the nationalities represented indicate the character of the workers and some of the national traits.

Think of the patience of Chinese workers who will embroider a border nine inches wide with flights of several hundred butterflies and not place any two butterflies in the same position! The change in all the forms for ornaments done in embroidery is one of the chief charms in Oriental work. The eye is never wearied by repetition, although a uniform pattern is always preserved in the work. In the butterfly table centrepiece not only are the innumerable butterflies which adorn it all placed differently, but an effect of perspective is produced by having them smaller toward the centre.

The Chinese pieces come in tablecloths, two sizes of centrepieces, and finger and plate doilies, and are extremely moderate in price, considering the quality of the materials and the work upon them. For the most part the figures in the embroidery are not conventional flowers, such as have always been and probably always will be popular, but lively and elaborately-formed fish, with spirals about them, skimming through rippling waters, and splendid dragons, twining long tails in high art fashion among the roses and lilies of earth.

The stork, too, is popular with the Chinese workers, and, like the butterflies, it shows individual inclinations in the matter of flight. The birds are lovely, whether in white upon clear delft blue, in blue upon white, or in all white. Other patterns favored by the Chinese are chrysanthemums, cherry blossoms, tiger lilies and the lotus flowers. The last is not a common pattern with them and appears chiefly when they wish to use the rim of a half-closed flower to form an irregular border to a circular piece of linen.

Although pure white is the leading thing in table linen, and other colors are not in vogue at all, there is one exception—ceramic, or Wedgwood blue. This blue appears in two shades in the new table linen, and the Chinese use three shades in their embroidery, shading the objects worked in it.

A fish piece worked in three shades of blue has suggestions of rippling water and spurts of foam in it. Through the elaborate fish and water design runs a decoration of trailing vines and seaweed, and the latter, with roses, outlines the scalloped border, while above the deep border, in the centre of the piece, is a wreath of flowers.

The Chinese pieces are worked in blue on white, white on blue, and all white, and are made in square as well as round sets, with buffet scarfs to match. The square sets are sometimes scalloped on the edge and sometimes finished with a deep double-hemstitched hem.

Most of the pieces are made with deep border effects, but the cherry blossoms and storks cover the entire cloths, while the tiger lily patterns are mingled with other flowers and leave scarcely any plain linen in the centre.

Chinese table sets are worked in linen or mercerized cotton upon fine linen or Chinese grass cloth—but the Japanese sets are worked in silk and the pattern is raised very high above the linen in heavy satin-stitch embroidery. While the Chinese sets launder well, those made by the Japanese are considered more effective, if also more difficult to clean.

While the Chinese have flower and scalloped and hemstitched edges, with an occasional cut out leaf embroidered in the corners of squares, the Japanese seem to prefer round pieces with borders formed by the outlines of the designs and they rarely use any color. An occasional pattern worked in wistaria or Wedgwood blue is seen, but these are few and not popular, at least for the dining table.

In the Japanese pieces are to be seen three, and sometimes more, entirely different patterns of drawn work exquisitely mingled with the heavy embroidery of the border, and Japanese pieces are mostly border. Like the Chinese, the Japanese pieces come in two sizes of centrepieces, two sizes of doilies and in buffet scarfs, but not in large table cloths, and the price of the Japanese goods is higher.

Over the large linen centrepieces are richly wrought irises, sun dragons, chrysanthemums, violets, daisies, pansies and roses. As will be seen, the designs chosen are quite different from those selected by the Chinese—even the dragon is different; and combinations of patterns and flowers are not indulged in by these deft workers upon table linen for American use.

Another peculiarity lies in the style of drawn work done by the Japanese. It does not resemble that made by other people, and one who observes it, whether in trimming bands or stock collar sets, will see that it can readily be distinguished from the Mexican and Teneriffe work with which all are familiar. The effect of this delicate openwork against the heaviest of raised silk embroidery is at once striking and beautiful.

In quite a different line of needlework, but one which promises to grow exceedingly fashionable and to have no rival in the matter of popularity among the wealthy, are the Persian embroideries, which are really a mingling of a peculiar sort of drawn work with lace and embroidery. All the ornamental patterns are small and the work is exceedingly fine and tedious.

Flower designs are not used and a similarity and methodical evenness of decorative figures is maintained. The peculiar mesh of the linen employed by the Persians for making table sets is, in itself, beautiful, and its originality lends an additional charm to the work done upon it.

Solid patterns of white silk embroidery are worked over and around drawn work borders and figures. The embroidery is flat and so is the delicate lace which edges the squares and circles of table linen. This lace comes in various widths, but in only two distinct patterns, an open disk and a small point with irregular edges.

The Persian disk is not in the least like the Canary Island disk which had such a run in the spring. It is more dainty and of a much finer workmanship, and is intended to outlast the mere vogue of a season.

In looking over a lunch cloth of Persian work it seems almost incredible that what appears the weave of the linen is a succession of patterns in the finest of drawn needlework, interspersed with lace inserting and small embroidered figures in white silk. All the Persian embroidery is done in white silk in a flat stitch.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Persians do not adopt any floral decorative patterns there is no sameness about their table sets, for they have shown a genius for manipulating all manner of geometrical figures into designs of wonderful richness and beauty. Persian medallions are also made and sold in any quantity, probably with a view to using them in borders for large table cloths.

The Persian sets are made in table centrepieces, both round and square, with doilies of two sizes to match and in the way of fine needlework, harmoniously combining three different styles of it in one unobtrusive yet elegant whole, it has no superior.

Another coming fashion in table lace is that for Maltese designs. For the first time in its history, Maltese lace is being made of linen, and this form of it is particularly desirable for certain purposes, while the regular silk Maltese lace is used for dress trimmings and the like.

Whole table sets come made in both the linen and the silk Maltese lace, both with deep borders and inserted pieces and in solid lace. It will undoubtedly be seen upon fashionable tables in the coming season, but it is not the sort of lace which is likely to hold its own upon the table for more than a year.

The rare and beautiful patterns of Maltese lace are too well known to need description, but one thing is not commonly known, that its originality lies in the fact that the families of lacemakers who weave its intricate threads into designs of rich beauty never get quite the same pattern nor make the lace in quite the same weight. Each family will have its own thickness of thread, its own individuality of pattern.

Canary Island lace for the table has lost nothing of its vogue, except that the open, drawnwork disks which once distinguished it are no longer in style. Among the new patterns in this pretty form of drawn work are large butterflies in the corner of a cloth, the wings of drawn work and the same open pattern forming part of the body, while the head and feelers are worked in solid embroidery.

Drawn work has grown from the borders of tablecloths all the way to their centres, and even the most ordinary of table damask has hemstitched hems with, frequently, two rows of hemstitching. In better classes of damask the cloth has a little drawn work border as well as a hemstitched hem.

Fine cloths are, of course, made of Irish linen, except in certain special and peculiar weaves, and a great deal of lace and needlework are seen upon them. The old Italian bedquilts and altar cloths have also been drawn upon to furnish patterns for modern tablecloths, and the ancient designs furnished by Michael Angelo and his pupils—especially Giovanni—for celebrated pieces of lace for royal lacemakers are mingled, in the quaint way of ancient Italy, in the one cloth.

Even the souvenir bed quilts of Italian queens and other royal ladies repose under plates of modern Sevres, and between the courses at dinner one may study out the squares furnished by each titled lady; wonder whether this coronet signifies the House of Savoy and that the House of Castile; this peacock the reigning house of Portugal and that border the individual one of a Duchess of Tuscany. Such a cloth, with its tediously worked squares and individual borders, by which they were joined together, might furnish conversation for the dullest board.

Every one cannot get a souvenir bed quilt for a table cover, but many a woman in the coming season will have cloths made along the line of squares of lace and embroidered linen joined together with fine needlework.

A less exclusive, but not less novel, lace table set is made in French crépon lace, which, it is said, will be the most popular table lace of the coming season. It is more durable than duchesse, much finer than Cluny, and has a charm entirely its own in that it is a new pattern in lace, and therefore to be desired. It not only forms borders of all widths for table sets, but is inserted in them and set in medallion effects as well.

IT'S ELBOWS ON THE TABLE.

A Habit of American Women Attributed to Jewelled Bracelet Pendants.

If the social curriculum still includes such instructions as "Don't put your elbows on the table" and "When walking and standing keep the elbows close to the side," few persons outside of the nursery think of paying any attention to them. An English woman stopping in New York drew attention to this interesting circumstance the other day.

"I have been very much surprised," said she, "at the way American women sit with their elbows on the table on all occasions.

"Everywhere they do it—in private houses and in restaurants, at the most formal breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, suppers. When one hand is in use they lean on the other elbow, and whenever they get a chance, as between courses, both elbows are propped on the table and the hands clasped under the chin.

"The other day I went past one of the Fifth avenue restaurants at the dinner hour, and at nearly every one of the window tables was a woman leaning on her elbows. Why, even in some of the smartest photographs I have seen of late women are posed with clasped hands, leaning their elbows on a table in front of them. And yet probably those very women were brought up never to put their elbows on the table."

The American to whom the English woman was speaking admitted, with a laugh, that everything she said was true.

"I find myself doing the same thing," the American confessed, "especially since I came into the possession of a diamond pendant bracelet.

"The growth of the habit, I think, dates from the time that the very slender chain bracelet, wound sometimes twice around the arm and finished with a jewelled pendant, came into fashion. As a rule the weight of the pendant swings it toward the under part of the wrist; therefore it is seen to better advantage when the arm is raised.

"Many of these ornaments are superb and possibly the owners think it would be an awful pity not to show them at their best. I had no idea, though, that the habit had become so general that a stranger would notice it."

"General!" echoed the English woman, "why, it seems to me an exception to find a New York woman who can get through a meal without planting her elbows on the table. Just look for yourself."

FULLY CLOTHED.

A Story Showing That a Mask Is Sometimes as Good as a Bathing Suit.

A party of much-travelled men were returning one hot night last week from Manhattan Beach when the conversation turned to the salt water bathing customs of the countries they had visited.

An Englishman told how the women of his native land took their dip apart from the men and clothed in hideous garments resembling nightgowns.

A Frenchman described the bare-legged frolics of the gay Parisian women summering by the sea.

An American explained how the sexes, absolutely unclothed, enter the waters of Japan, with nothing but bamboo rods to mark the more or less imaginary line dividing the men from the women.

"Ah," interposed the Englishman, "how immodest!"

"Yes, perhaps," observed a Christianized Turk, who was of the party, "but in my country men and women do the same, except that each man and woman preserves modesty by wearing a white mask."

"Suppose," said the American, "you should wish to bathe without the mask?"

"Ah," replied the Turk, "you must wear the mask—it is the bathing costume."

GREAT SWIMMERS, THESE GIRLS

THEY BEGIN AS BABIES AND SOME BECOME CHAMPIONS.

Aquatic Exploits of the Young Women of Bath Beach—A Lesson for a Beginner—Why Some Women Can't Swim Well—An Exhibition on the Float.

"Yes, sir, right along this shore from here to Fort Hamilton is the greatest place in the world for developing strong swimmers. Why, even the babies swim.

"I have studied this subject and know what I'm talking about when I say that you won't find anywhere else in this country a strip of beach of like length that has produced so many experts in the water, especially women experts."

It was one of the many aquatic authorities of Bath Beach who spoke.

"The reasons are plain enough," he went on. "There is a big and prosperous population down here all the year round, and from May until October the centre of things is on the water.

"The girls don't have much to do but amuse themselves. About the time they begin to learn to walk they begin to paddle, and from this it is only a step to swimming.

"This is why almost all the champion women swimmers of this part of the country have lived at Bath Beach or Fort Hamilton. There is one of them down here in front of us now.

"See her? She's teaching that little girl her first strokes. She's never been beaten by a woman, and stands ready to swim against any in the world."

The Bath Beacher pointed to a finely formed, auburn-haired young woman waist-deep in the water in front of the pavilion. A move down to the sand brought the sound of her voice across the little rippling waves.

"Now, Minnie, don't hold your head so high. What if you do get it under? It won't hurt you. Now swim toward me.

"That's right; come on. But keep your fingers together and your chin down more.

"That's better; but, oh, dear, don't swim so fast. You're not in a race. Take it easy; there's no hurry. Spread your legs out more—away out."

The little girl swam a few jerky strokes and then, to keep her head from going under, scrambled, panting, to her feet.

"That was pretty good, but you are out of breath, aren't you, Minnie? Try to breathe more deeply and slowly. Every time you reach out your arms take a long breath and don't take another till you begin the next stroke. Now, again."

In a few minutes the lesson was over and the young woman stood on the beach.

"Isn't the little girl rather young to be learning to swim?"

"Young? Why, no; she's at least 6."

"You wouldn't say 6 was young for swimming, then?"

"Of course not. I learned when I was 3 and won my first medal when I was 5. The younger one learns the better, but any fairly healthy woman under 50 can learn. She makes a mistake if she thinks she's too old.

"You see, swimming is not at all a violent exercise, if you go about it in the right way. Most women can float on their backs without any effort, and only slight motions of the arms and legs are needed for the leisurely breast stroke.

"Yes, of course, the point is to make the right motions, and because the right muscles aren't developed in the average woman she finds the movements strange at first. She's very likely to try to swim by bending just her knees. She finds this won't do, and then she says, 'Oh, dear, I can never learn to swim! My head goes down and my feet come up.'

"Of course her feet are apt to come up unless she spreads them as wide apart as possible when she begins the stroke and then brings them together with a motion something like that of a pair of scissors closing, except that there is a little corkscrew twist about it. The muscles of her lower back and sides are the ones that are chiefly called into play.

"And then she must remember to breathe deeply. Full lungs will keep the whole body afloat. The proper way is to inhale when you are reaching out your arms and drawing up your legs for the stroke, and to exhale the air just after the stroke is finished and the body is moving along under its momentum. Swimming is mainly a matter of balance, with the chest as what might be called the pivot.

"What keeps a good many women from over amounting to anything in the water is vanity. There are usually men about, you know, and a great many of the girls—some of them girls who are pretty well along—don't like to come out with the water trickling down their faces and their hair hanging in wet strings.

"Even when wearing an oil skin or rubber cap, the majority try to be very careful not to get their heads under. These are the ones that don't learn to swim.

"They think it detracts from their looks, and for the time being, perhaps, it does.

"Salt water and the sun will give light hair a sort of bleached out appearance. It is a very good plan to wash it with soap in fresh water after the swim.

"If this is done my experience has been that swimming doesn't hurt the hair a bit. What if it does have two or three colors? You might almost say that this is the fashion at the seashore, now that so many women are good swimmers. A month after you have stopped going into the water it looks as fine as ever. And think of the fun you've had!

"Speaking of fun," added the auburn-haired girl, with a smile, "I think I will go out to the float now for my own fun."

The float was a hundred yards off shore, bobbing in very deep water. The girl gained it rapidly and joined a group of friends—big girls and small girls, a couple of matrons, and a number of bronzed young men. The time was mid-afternoon, when the star swimmers of Bath Beach gather daily on this float.

"Give me a back, Harry, I want to make a dive," cried one young woman.

On the edge of the float Harry took a stand with bent back, and one of the girls, beginning with a little run, rose lightly in the air, cleared the back without touching it, and disappeared head-foremost in the water.

"John, you stand behind Harry. A little higher. That's right." A second girl repeated the performance of the first except that she soared over two backs.

On the float stood a young man with folded arms. Suddenly he plunged in and struck out lustily. The girls watched him for a few strokes, then one exclaimed:

"See if you can catch him, Alice."

Instantly there was a swish of a bathing skirt, and two feet disappeared beneath the waves. Alice's head came up at once, and, swimming on her side, with the long, easy swing of the English racing stroke, she started in pursuit.

The young man saw her coming, and with quick movements his arm rose and fell. But foot by foot, swimming steadily, Alice gained.

At half the distance to an anchored catboat which was evidently their goal she was nearly abreast of him. He turned and began to swim frantically with both arms, his face half buried in the water.

This drew him ahead a little, but Alice a veteran of many races, held to her sweeping side stroke, while the arms of her competitor began to move more slowly.

His exhausting spurt was over. The girl glided by him, and climbed to the deck of the boat an easy winner. This is the way the girl swimmers of the day train for races.

There is a girl here every day who has twice swum the Narrows, others who have been in long distance ocean races off Manhattan and Rockaway beaches, and one who made the distance unassisted from Bath Beach to Brighton.

"Well, you see," exclaimed one, "we've been swimming since we were babies, and we all live down here, and go in for our first dip sometimes as early as April, and never later than May. In the fall, too, long after the summer people have gone, we are still coming to the beach to swim. I've taken dips in November.

"So, you see, it is not so strange that we produce some of the best women swimmers here at Bath Beach.

"Our champion, you know, has never been beaten. We wish a race could be arranged between her and the champion woman swimmer of England. Right after the race I think we could all join in singing 'America.'"

THE MILLIONAIRE PAYS

One Price for Him When He Is Known and Another for Ordinary Folks.

The millionaire pays. Wherever he is known he must give rather more than full value for what he gets. Wherever there is a colony of millionaires in a community of ordinary mortals there are always two prices for commodities, one for ordinary residents and a higher one for the millionaires.

When an officer of a great corporation died not long ago in a rural village of New York, many of his fellows in the corporation went to the funeral. One of them went to the local barber on the morning of the funeral to get shaved.

The task done, the customer laid down a quarter. The barber eyed the coin and placed it on a shelf while he handed the customer his hat. There was no demand for change, and the barber congratulated himself upon having made 10 cents beyond his usual fee.

While he was yet rejoicing a local acquaintance said to him:

"John, do you know who that is?"

"No," said the barber, "one of those fellows that have come to the funeral, I guess."

"Well," said the other man, "it was John D. Rockefeller."

"What?" said the barber, ruefully balancing Mr. Rockefeller's coin, "and I only got a quarter out of him."

Yachtsmen at Newport pay high for everything they get in the way of supplies from local dealers. A yachtsman, aware of this fact, went ashore one day in old trousers and a blue jersey, and asked at a shop for a turn buckle. He got it, and when he asked the price was told $2.75.

"What do you take me for?" asked the yachtsman indignantly. "I'm not going to pay any such price for a thing like that."

"Why, I thought you came from one o' them yachts," answered the dealer.

"Well," was the reply, "I came from a fishing boat, and I know the price of a turn buckle."

"Is that so?" said the dealer coolly. "Then I guess 75 cents will be enough for you," and the yachtsmen got his turn buckle for 75 cents.

Visitors to the St. Regis lakes in the Adirondacks have heard of the farm and gardens maintained by Anson Phelps Stokes and there is a legend to account for the trouble and expense to which Mr. Stokes has gone to develop and keep up this farm.

According to the story, when the Stokes camp was short of bread once a guide was sent to a neighboring hotel to buy what was needed. When the bill for the bread came in it was found that the charge was 30 cents a loaf.

Mr. Stokes, being several times a millionaire, was used to paying high prices for supplies wherever he went, but he had never before paid such a price for bread. He paid without protest, but it is said he vowed that he would buy no more supplies of any kind at the place whence his costly bread had come, and hence the farm and gardens.

WATCH ON THE SKYSCRAPERS.

Newark's Building Superintendent Uses Field Glasses With Good Results.

The superintendent of the Building Department at Newark has hit upon a new plan for detecting defects in buildings. He has equipped himself with a pair of powerful field glasses, and as he goes about town in his buggy he inspects tall structures as the fancy seizes him.

He is not always guided by fancy, however, for he is a practical builder. He does not rely on the glasses to show him any flaws save such as would appear on the surface, but it is surprising how much he has been able to learn in the last week or so.

One morning he trained the glasses on a big building as he stood by a window in his private office. He was startled by what he saw.

Sweeping the glasses from the top story to the ground, he came at last upon a whole series of windows, about the middle of the front, whose sills and lintels were badly cracked. Great irregular lines ran through the blocks of brownstone, and in some instances there were jagged, stair-like lines for some few feet along the surface of the brick work on either side of both sill and lintel. These flaws prevailed in and around every window in this series, but nowhere else in the front. Something inside, something in the construction, had settled or was giving away.

"What did I do?" said Supt. Miller. "Why, I sent for the superintendent of the building at once. I knew that if I could get him to look through my glass it would accomplish more than I could do through the ordinary channels of letter writing, the formal serving of notices, &c., if I took a month. The argument that glass presented was incontrovertible.

"The superintendent came. I handed him the glass and told him where to look, and I said nothing more. In about ten seconds he put the glass down. He was white. I don't think it was fifteen minutes before they were shoring up the worst window, on the third floor, and they have been hard at work ever since.

"The whole business will be fixed up properly long before I could have got the owners of the building to move had I made use of the stereotyped system for doing such things."

The same week he drew a bead on the spire of the Church of the Redeemer, a Universalist house of worship in Newark. Being a builder, he knew where to look for weakness, and he dropped his glass on the right spot almost at once.

It was near the point where the wooden spire joins the masonry base. It was badly rotted away. A hard blow might have toppled the big spire over. The church authorities, when informed of what the superintendent had discovered, promised to take immediate action.